Morning

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Morning

by Ryumako

Summary

PWP; A lazy yet pleasurable morning for Mako and Ryuko.

The sunlight filtered gently through the nearby window, the sheer curtains stifling its intensity. The light pooled onto the sheets of the disheveled bed in the middle of the room. Two girls lie on top of the mattress, one totally knocked out, the other freshly awoken by her own internal alarm. The brunette lied on her side, facing the girl next to her, studying her peaceful resting face.

“Ryuko-chan…” She whispered. Ryuko was dead asleep and didn’t even flinch. Mako lifted a hand to gently move a stray strand of hair out of her face. She smiled softly, and then scooted closer to the taller girl, wrapping an arm around her, nuzzling into her chest. She was really warm, incredibly cozy, Mako noted mentally. Ryuko shifted next to her, her arm wrapping lazily around Mako and pulling her closer protectively. Mako looked up at her face to find that she was still asleep, and likely did the act subconsciously. Her heart fluttered.

“Ryuko-chan…” She muttered again, pulling away from her enough to look at her face. She carefully cupped her jaw, and then gently pressed her lips to hers. They were warm and also a bit chapped; Ryuko had likely spent the night breathing through her mouth again. Boy was she a snorer. Mako held the kiss for a few seconds, just long enough to feel it begin to be returned. She pulled back.

“Mmm…Mako…” Ryuko mumbled, still mostly asleep. She instinctively pulled the shorter girl closer, her hand riding up the back of her shirt, holding her tightly, before relenting a little and soon falling back into full unconsciousness in a matter of seconds. Mako snuggled her affectionately before placing a feather-light kiss right under her jaw. A gentle succession of kisses continued down her neck, slowly, until she reached her collarbone, where she turned back around and began kissing her way back up, this time the kisses more deliberate, passionate.

“M-Mako…?” Ryuko roused lightly from her slumber. “What are you…o-oh…” She impulsively bent her head to the side a little further, allowing her more access. “Yeah, okay…”

Mako smiled a little, her kisses reaching her jaw line once more. She continued, bringing her tongue to her soft skin, gently dragging it along with each kiss. Ryuko gasped, fidgeting slightly. Mako was persistent in her proceedings until she was at the base of her neck, where she grew bolder and began sucking lightly at the skin of her collarbone.

“God, Mako…” Ryuko groaned. She squirmed, getting lost in the sensation. Mako took the opportunity to lay the taller girl onto her back, and then climbed on top of her, carefully straddling her hips. She kept kissing her insistently, occasionally leaving light marks in her trail, moving down her torso until she was met with a striped bra. Before she even had to say anything, Ryuko arched her back and reached underneath to access the clasps, quickly undid them, and then discarded the bra over the edge of the bed.

Mako giggled. “Ryuko-chan…” She spoke smoothly. “Did you dream of me?” She asked softly, taking both of Ryuko’s exposed breasts into her hands and began massaging them carefully.

“I…” She began, her mind a million miles away. “Yeah, actually…I did,” She admitted. She felt hot to the touch, as if the surface of her skin was burning, her pulse resonating noticeably throughout her body.

Mako kept massaging with considerable pressure, occasionally moving her thumbs to brush over her nipples. “What happened in the dream?” She asked distractedly. She then brought her face down, level with her chest, and then licked over her left breast until she reached her erect nipple, which she promptly took into her mouth.

Ryuko arched her back slightly, a light moan escaping her lips. “It was…something along the lines of….this…” She confessed, speaking quietly, trying to stabilize her breathing.

“Really?” Mako asked, releasing the breast from her mouth. She brought her free hand to Ryuko’s stomach, quickly sliding it down over her panties, only to find them evidently wet. “Hmm, looks like you did!”

Ryuko blushed profusely. “Y-Yeah…”

The brunette began working her fingers against her panties, almost casually, still licking and sucking about her chest. Ryuko couldn’t help but thrust her hips against the fingers that were so relentlessly teasing her. It became increasingly futile to try to keep herself from making any noise, either, as she gasped Mako’s name when she brushed over her most sensitive spot. She began placing open-mouthed kisses down her chest, then her ribs, stomach, until…

“Ryuko-chan, could you lift your hips?”

Ryuko did so without hesitation. Mako sat up, taking the opportunity to move the comforter out of the way. She then hooked her fingers around the waistline of the taller girl’s panties, and then began pulling them down, traveling over her smooth thighs and toned calves until they were all the way off. Once they were done away with, she moved between her legs once more, sitting between her thighs. She placed her hands on her naked hips, gently massaging circles into her soft skin.

Mako didn’t get many opportunities to appreciate Ryuko’s full beauty, so she liked to take every chance she could. This wasn’t the first time she had been naked suggestively in front of her, but that didn’t make this time any less special. She cherished every moment she not only got to marvel at her lover’s stunning body, but she also reveled in the fact that that Ryuko chose her to share this with, that she was the only one she wanted to become intimate with.

Ryuko notices Mako staring, and as embarrassing as it always is initially, she always loves to see the pure look of love as well as lust in her eyes as she looks over her body. Part of her feels like she’s not deserving of such attention, and it’s that same part of her that loves receiving it. “Mako…” She breathed.

Mako bent over her, settling between her legs, moving to hold her thighs in her hands. She pressed her lips to her hip, kissing lightly down onto her left thigh, and then across it to her inner thigh. She trailed her tongue across her skin lazily. Ryuko was practically shaking.

The brunette began kissing up her thigh, inching closer and closer to her aching need. She kissed until she reached where Ryuko needed attention most, and then passed over to her other thigh and began licking and sucking, as she had done to the other.

“Mako, *please*...” Ryuko uttered.

Mako pressed her cheek to her inner thigh, nuzzling her gently. “Hmm?”

“Could you maybe,” She swallowed. “Would you just…”

“Would I? Could I? What?” Mako smiled, kissing her skin idly.

“Dammit, Mako,” She muttered, throwing her head onto the pillow in defeat. Mako then moved her head from her thigh down to her sex, hesitated a moment while Ryuko was still staring at the ceiling in resignation, and then slowly, deliberately, dragged her tongue from the bottom to the top of her slit.

“A-Ah!” Ryuko gasped, grasping at the sheets beneath her. “Fuck, Mako…!”

Encouraged, Mako continued licking away, her tongue hot and purposeful, moaning lightly herself at the taste of Ryuko. She did a few full strokes across her sex then brought her tongue to her awaiting entrance, and then slid inside her wetness. Ryuko was writhing, moaning incoherently. She grabbed Mako’s hands from her thighs and held them tightly. The brunette pushed her tongue in and out of her: each time she entered, she made sure to lick along her inner walls the best she could.

“M-Mako…oh…god…” Ryuko groaned breathlessly.

Mako then switched it up, trailing her tongue up her sex until she reached her clit. She swirled around it a few times before focusing on it directly, tapping on it with only the tip of her tongue.

“*Shit,* Mako! Yeah, right there…!” She gasped. Mako wasn’t surprised at how vocal she was being; she always got like this once she really got into it. And honestly, Mako loved it; she was actively striving to bring out that side of her. She widened her tongue and lapped at her more languidly, with significant force. Ryuko’s grip on her hands tightened noticeably, her moaning becoming completely unintelligible.

Finally, Mako took her clit into her mouth, sucking on it gently yet with purpose. Her moans got higher and higher in pitch until it was mostly just ragged breathing: longer exhales and short inhales. This is how Mako knew she was close; she used her tongue to swirl around her nerves while still inside her lips.

Ryuko was sweating, her mouth dry. Wave after wave of pleasure coursed throughout her body relentlessly as she could feel her release quickly approaching her, with every swipe of her tongue she felt it come closer and closer until –she bent her neck slightly to look down, and when she saw Mako between her legs, her big, brown eyes gazing at her lustfully as she was bringing immense gratification to her- she immediately came, a resounding moan tearing from the back of her throat as her entire body tensed up with the force of her release.

Mako rose from her sex, satisfied with herself. She wiped off her mouth with her arm and then climbed back on top Ryuko, whose breathing was incredibly labored at this point. All she did was stare into her eyes, slowly climbing down from her high.

“Mako,” She began, her voice a tad raspy. “How did you get so good at that?”

“Well, I was honestly just doing what I felt like would bring you the most pleasure!” She stated. “I’m a girl too, you know; I know what feels good.” She pecked her cheek. “And besides, you taste really, *really* good, Ryuko-chan.”

She blushed, averting her eyes. “Don’t say that….”

“Mmm, it’s true!” She affirmed, planting her lips on the Ryuko’s. She pushed her tongue into her mouth, firmly sliding it across her own. A soft moan escaped from the back of the taller girl’s throat as she returned the kiss. She did indeed taste herself. Mako suddenly pulled back. “See?”

“Mako,” Ryuko whispered. “You’re adorable.”

Mako giggled. “Thank you, Ryuko-chan,” She said, snuggling into her naked lover. Ryuko sighed with content, wrapping her arm around her favorite girl in the world.

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